



J. M. FERRES, EDITOR.

Let Justice preside and Candour investigate.

J. D. GILMAN, PRINTER.

VOL. I.

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TERMS.

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From the Saturday Evening Post.

LETBURN PARKMAN:

OR THE MANIAC.

Concluded.

A large body of Indians crossed the Ohio below Wheeling, but the inhabitants about and near the Fort, being put on their guard, the savage enemy avoided an attack, and pushed directly into the heart of the country towards Catfish. A number of families were surprised and captured; but the Indian chiefs began to feel they were in an enemy's country. Most of the common dwelling houses were found deserted, but the block-houses in a state of defence. From the prisoners they learned that Wheeling Fort, now in their rear, had been made a point of rendezvous, and that an army was forming there to expel them from the country. Seized with alarm, they commenced their retreat, and exasperated at their disappointment, determined to murder their male prisoners; which resolution was carried into effect, with circumstances of atrocity at which the soul revolts to believe possible.

'Imagination's utmost stretch,' can hardly fancy a more heart-rending scene than was there exhibited. Parents, in the bloom of life and glow of health, mercilessly mangled to death, in the presence of children, whose sobbing cries served but to heighten the torments of the dying.—Husbands cruelly lacerated, and by piece-meal deprived of life, in view of the tender partners of their bosoms, whose agonizing shrieks, increasing the anguish of tortures, sharpened the sting of death.‡

Sheopf, Heckewelder and others, might say what they chose, to account for the catastrophe, but it was this ferocious—this hellish massacre, which formed and sealed the death-warrant of the Moravian Indians, two years afterwards. But to advance with our tale.

Thomas Ryland and his younger warrior companion, for I forgot to mention that a light rifle made part of the disguise, on reaching the appointed place, almost the first one they met, even before they could speak to any other person, was the ominous Mad Sam; who, with his usual impudence, stepped before them, bawling out—'Steal a march, hey?' and fixing his monkey-eyes on the younger, was completely, for once in his life, at fault. Thomas Ryland, very justly enraged, and anxious for his charge, pushed back the intruder with the muzzle of his rifle, without speaking, and advanced to a very different person, who was pacing backwards and forwards in a very agitated manner. This was Letburn Parkman, his eyes fixed on the ground and so completely was he absorbed in the business of reflection, that his brother-in-law touched him on the shoulder, thus giving the first intimation of his arrival.

'God of Heaven, Thomas!' was his first exclamation, 'where is your father, your brothers, and sisters, and—'

'All safe,' replied Thomas, forcing a smile—a smile soon suppressed as he caught the basilisk eyes of Eli Bringham, who was seated at the root of a tree, his rifle held slanting between his knees, and a stranger also, of sinister aspect, leaning against the same tree, and in a close and under tone of conversation with each other.

'That scoundrel,' observed Letburn, bitterly, 'is meditating some deed of—'

'The suspicion is not perhaps entirely unjust,' interrupted Ryland, 'and if he thinks of joining Girty—'

'He'll earn his pasport before he leaves this, or I'm mistaken,' replied Letburn, with a shudder.

'I know you too well, Letburn,' rejoined Ryland, 'to set that down to fear of Bringham, or any one else...walk this way; and they apparently with carelessness, sauntered to some distance, until a small thick-

‡ Wither's Border Warfare, pp. 218.

et intervened between them and the object of their wrath and suspicion; when Ryland turning round, and looking Letburn earnestly in the face, observed: 'My dear boy, are you not blind...let me introduce to you—', and he stopped.

Letburn at first eyed the questioner with unfeigned astonishment, but a flash of the truth passed over his mind, as he met the gaze of the young stranger.

'No extravagance...no time,' said Thonias, stepping between the new acquaintances.

A call to ranks from their superior officer came now seasonably to their relief; and the line was soon formed; Letburn and Ryland, with the young stranger between them standing together. A short address, which pressing danger made eloquent, explained what all too well felt, the necessity of immediate and joint action. A pause, and those disposed to volunteer were requested to move three paces in front. The call was responded to by nearly the whole line. The officer, very much pleased, passed his eye along the front; most of the persons he knew; but pausing upon the sweet, but girl-like visage between Letburn and Ryland smiled, and observed: 'A very young soldier, you have got there,' and then commenced to call the roll, and enter the names. When he had entered that of Letburn, who was on the right of the three, he, of course, demanded the name of the very young soldier.

Ryland, with great promptness answered, 'Isaac Carr.' The officer smiled as he wrote the name, imputing the hesitation of the young volunteer, to extreme youth.

Among the volunteers, one of the foremost was Eli Bringham; who, it was observed, was more than commonly taciturn and stern; speaking to no one but the stranger already mentioned; who also volunteered. The marriage, and its very remarkable circumstances, had become known; and under an ordinary state of affairs, would have produced much idle comment; and with common men, in the case of Bringham, would have produced some coarse jeering, but he was a man who at no time was a safe object of jokes. But even in this situation of excessive danger, some remarks could not be avoided. One young man, half laughing, and looking at Letburn, who was, however, beyond ear distance, observed to his companion: 'Where did Parkman leave his bride?'

'In Rice's Fort, you butt end of a gum log,' replied his companion.

'Do look at Bringham,' said the first speaker, 'he looks as if he had first killed, and then eat a Shwanee.'

'He looks very much like a man,' continued the more discerning second speaker; 'like a man, that if I had taken his sweetheart from him, and then marched to war in the same company, I'd think I had more enemies than the enemy.'

* * * * *

We may now pass over some weeks. The Indians, as we have seen, retreated, but vengeance burned after them. Their in-road had left traces of blood, tears, which nothing but their own blood could wash away. The whole country, west of the mountains, was roused, and the leading men, such as Ebenezer Zane, Col. Shepherd, the two Swearengens, Van and Andrew, Cols. Williamson and Crawford, exerted themselves to raise a body of men to retaliate on the savages, by carrying the war into their own country. To give the more certainty of effective success to this expedition, Col. Broadhead, United States commanding officer at Pittsburgh, was induced to join, and take the command. It was now a war of extermination on both sides; and, perhaps, on either side, the most remarkable soldier was Isaac Carr. This youth became brownier, but otherwise no older. In all the fatigues of marching, for of fighting, in that campaign, there was none of very serious consequence, his two most robust fellow soldiers took most on their own shoulders. If his very mild and passive conduct, could not have screened him from the insults of the rough material of such an army, awe was produced by the two inseparable champions.

An object which, if inanimate, and was prised by either Letburn Parkman or Thomas Ryland, would have become an object of the hate of Eli Bringham; but infinitely more than hate, fell upon the head of a human being fostered by them and enjoying their warmest friendship, and deep, dark and fierce indeed, was the smothered hatred of Bringham against the whole three.

Where was now the once admired Lucy, in public report? Dead, from savage hands. A report once set on foot, can, in most cases, run swiftly, and increase in stature, without any further parental aid; and coming from who it might be, the current report was, that on the morning after her marriage, as with her family and others she was hurrying to the Fort, she was missed, and that the next day her dead body

was found, and buried hastily in the forest. In any time when such an event should have come alone, its reality and not shadowy form, might have been inquired into; but even the fate of one so loved, so cherished, was merged in the dread of murder of the male prisoners; whose torn bodies attested the tragedy.—But there were mourners, and sincere mourners for Lucy. Several days did her father sit, the image of stricken, unforgiving and more than deadly wrath; against his child. Her brothers and sisters dared not pronounce her name. To them, by the humane of the Fort, carefully was told the distressful tale, and silently and bitterly did they weep.

Of all the works of the Creator, most mysterious is the human heart; and in that of the stern Richard Ryland, Nature still retained her claim. His red and dry eye, from which the fire of fiercest wrath had kindled beneath a fountain, rising to quench the flame, and recall him to the feelings of a father. The struggle was great, however, for serpent-like is the attacks of a mistaken pride against the noblest affections. But a storm came, which could not be resisted. On the fourth morning, this obdurate was roused from his stupor, by one universal wail. The souls of the war-hardened soldier-hunters were wrung: from their furrowed and embrowned visages, the tear of anguish flowed; while groans and curses mingled in their aspiration.

Around Richard Ryland sat his children; and to them he addressed the first words he had spoken since his arrival with them in the Fort: 'What means this loud lamentation?'

The words had scarce passed his lips, when all his children were on their knees, clinging round him but one—that one the youngest—and he was in his father's bosom, and once more his little arms clasped his father's neck. No answer could be given—grief and dread were too powerful. The effect on those who saw the scene—the group of parents and children—was dreadful, and the burst of agony seemed as if it came from the very graves of the murdered people.

'What means this loud lamentation?' again demanded Richard Ryland; and one of his neighbours now summoned fortitude to relate the case. 'Oh! God of Heaven and Earth!' ejaculated the father, once again looking tenderly over his wretched children; but, as if struck with some terrible recollection, his mind reflowed again into itself, and after some time he heaved a bitter sigh, and muttered low, 'My Lucy.'

'Our Lucy,' sobbed the little son and brother, 'Ingen kill too.'

'My murdered child,' screamed the father.

I am the murderer,' and he fell amidst his terrified family. Restored to reflection, and relieved by a violent paroxysm of tears, he was laid on his pallet in utter helplessness. Next morning he heard calmly the supposed fate of his eldest daughter, and heard it from the mouth of the pious minister, who so lately united her to the man her heart adored. Resentment was gone from the bosom of the repentant man, and he received and returned with all his remaining strength, the warm pressure of his friend, as he bid him 'Remember what God has left thee,' and pointed to his prostate children.

'Where is my other son?' he demands, ed, after a pause? The minister then told him that Thomas and Letburn were armed, and gone to aid in chastising the enemy. The moment this information met his ear, the Christian was forgotten, and the natural man and father appeared. He started to his feet, with all the alacrity of health and youth, his eyes gleamed, as he exclaimed, 'And may I live to see them return, dyed in the blood!...' But nature sunk in the conflict; he was laid back on his pallet, and in an instant was in a deep & calm sleep. It was supposed that, in all the period from the meeting of Mad Sam, until this time, Richard Ryland had slept not. On his pillow of rest, we may now leave him, and follow the wanderings of his absent children.

Every motive which could stimulate men to action, now animated the whole region of West Pennsylvania, and Northwestern Virginia. Revenge and self-defence, were blended, and together formed one mighty impulse. The storm of reaction fell first on the Munsee towns, on the northern branch of the Alleghany. Their crops and warriors were alike swept, and the right flank of West Pennsylvania secured.

The Munsee Indians chastised; an army of eight hundred men was formed at Wheeling; and crossing the Ohio, marched through the wilderness direct towards the hostile towns on the higher branches of the Muskingum. It was at this time that the first cloud seemed ready to burst upon the

Moravian Indians residing on the northeast branch of the Muskingum, or Tuscarawas. Destruction impended on them as the army approached Salem; but the prudence and humanity of Col. Broadhead dissipated the storm at that time. Many of the militia, and one of the most malignant Eli Bringham, insisted on rushing on to Salem, and destroying it; but as no distinct proof was given, that the inhabitants had ever acted in any but a friendly manner to the people of the western country, Col. Broadhead halted, and by an express, brought the Moravian Missionary, Mr. John Heckewelder, to the camp, who was made acquainted with the object of the invasion, and requested to keep the people of his towns out of the way of the army. These arrangements made, the troops moved forward upon Coshocton town, at the junction of Tuscarawas and White Woman's rivers.

Two circumstances occurred at this moment, that proved to demonstration, the innocence and neutrality of the devoted Moravians. From Guadenthaler to the hostile town, was little above twenty miles; yet not an intimation was given to the warriors of Coshocton of the approach of the white army, until the troops rushed into the heart of the town. The whole population, men, women and children, were captured, and their fine crops of corn laid waste.

For several days the rain had fallen in torrents, and swelled every creek to a river; this inclemency saved the town west of Muskingum. Col. Broadhead, and the other officers in council decided in retreat; but first determined the fate of the prisoners.

Pekillon, a friendly Delaware Indian chief, was required to point out such of the warriors most notorious for acts of atrocity against the whites. Sixteen were selected, led forth and put to death. For reasons which even then, it is probable, could not have been easily either explained or justified, the other captives were confined to the militia, to be conducted to Fort Pitt.

To show how little the Indians could benefit by the examples of the whites, in rigid obedience to the civilized warfare, was apparent on this occasion. The next morning after the surprise and taking of Coshocton, an Indian advanced to the opposite bank of Muskingum, and requested to speak to 'The Big Captain.'

Col. Broadhead advanced, and demanded his errand.

'Peace, we want peace,' replied the chief.

'Send over some of your chiefs, then,' responded Broadhead.

'May be kill,' again said the Indian.

'Your ambassadors shall be safe,' replied Broadhead.

Upon this assurance, a noble looking chief came over, but h't scarce entered into conversation with the commander, when a militia-man advanced with a tomahawk concealed under his hunting-shirt which, when close upon the Indian, he jerked forth plunging it into the head of the warrior, who fell at the feet of Col. Broadhead, and expired.

This flagitious murder, put an end to all hopes of peace, and comparing their numbers with the hostile warriors beyond the Muskingum, compelled an immediate retreat. Col. Broadhead had not power to punish the perpetrator or to prevent equal deeds of horror. The disorderly army had scarce begun its retrograde march, and had not proceeded half a mile from Coshocton, when a massacre of the prisoners commenced, and in a very few minutes only few women and children remained.‡ The survivors, after some detention at Pittsburgh, were exchanged for a like number of white captives.

How strange is the fate of man! In that very body of human beings, who tramped on all the principles which redeem our nature, there were individuals who would have shuddered to crush the fly that disturbed their rest. Amongst the prisoners who, with despairing looks, saw her husband expire under the hatchet, and with her infant slung in a basket on her back, took up her painful way to the land of the whites, was a young and beautiful Indian woman. The husband had been stricken down by the arm of Eli Bringham, and the fiendish expression of the executioner, was caught by the wife and mother; who instinctively shrank from the monster—but her looks of natural hatred was caught, and her life marked by the object: a feeling heightened to determination by another circumstance arising from the very holiest of nature's laws. When the flames were consuming her abode, and when husband, home, and liberty, had all disappeared from before the poor Indian mother, she nestled to the soft and tearful eye of one of her

† It may be stated as singular, that so little notice has ever been taken of this shameful breach of faith and humanity, and how much was made of the subsequent murder of the Moravians. In principle the two transactions are remarkably similar, and equally criminal.

own sex—she caught the arm, and implored the protection of Isaac Carr.

Pekillon addressing Ryland and Parkman, observed, pointing to Carr, who had taken the hand of the prisoner; 'Face boy—woman,—and then placing his hand on his breast, exclaimed: 'Good, Good!' and thus the melancholy march commenced. But alas! the path was soon bloody. Those of the militia who really wished to save the lives of the prisoners, pressed around the objects of their humanity, but they were too few.

Letburn and his two companions, apprehensive of the event, kept close together, and around the Indian women; but all four were arrested by loud and sudden screams behind them. They turned and saw an Indian man cut down in the midst of his family. They had no time to dwell on that sight alone. It was a signal repeated in every direction. Vindictive glances had, from the outset of the campaign, evinced the real feelings of Bringham towards the protectors of the Indian widow, that very morning had burst into violence, while preparing for retreat. The insulting expressions of Bringham, had roused Thomas as Ryland to anger; and when so roused he was truly terrible. The two antagonists were rushing to mortal combat, which was prevented by the interference of Col. Broadhead and other officers.

'Never mind, never mind,' muttered Bringham, as he sulkily retired.

'Never mind, retorted Ryland, in a voice of bitterness.

If their quarrel had been momentary, they had neither time to cool, when the massacre of the prisoners commenced; but it was mutual wrath, which blood, and blood alone could quench. Bringham blamed Ryland for his disappointment with Lucy; and Ryland saw that beloved sister exposed to all the hardships of war, in a wilderness doubly savage; and regarded Bringham as the cause. Deeper still were the anxious thoughts of the mild, but unswervingly brave Letburn Parkman. He saw what it had cost the woman of his heart to become his; and both the brother and husband bore much more than they would otherwise have done, from reflecting on what would be the condition of their treasure, should she be deprived of one or both.

In a sweeping gallop, up came Bringham, followed by five or six more of similar stamp; reckless of aught but their object of thirst—blood; and dashing in between Parkman and the Indian woman, aimed a deadly blow at the latter with his tomahawk. But rapid as lightning, Isaac Carr sprang to ward the blow, and received its whole weight on the right shoulder, and fell with a piercing shriek.

'My wife, my wife!' exclaimed Parkman, clasping the writhing body.

'My sister! infernal villain!' cried Ryland, in a voice of mingled grief and uncontrollable rage, as he sprung from his horse, and throwing his arms round the body of Bringham, brought him to the ground on his head and shoulders, and seizing the tomahawk which had struck Lucy to the earth, dashed it into the breast of the murderer and left it there.

'What, what, what is this?' cried Col. Broadhead, who was exerting himself to save the poor screaming women and children prisoners. 'Madmen, are you not contented to murder your captives, but must murder one another?'

'My sister! my sister!' vociferated Ryland.

'Good God!' exclaimed Broadhead, 'that squaw is not your sister!'

'But that murdered form was,' replied Ryland, in a tone almost supernatural. But the attention of both was now for a moment turned to another object; it was Letburn Parkman, who sprung to his feet, & clapping his hands, with much apparent joyfulness, burst into boisterous laughter.

'Oh! Col. Broadhead,' said Ryland, 'his brain is turned; that man is my sister's husband.'

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CORPORATION BILL—ALTERATIONS BY THE PEERS.

1. The Preamble. The Peers have substituted a simple declaration of the expediency of altering Corporation charters, for the allegation of "neglect, and abuse of privileges," and of the inutility and inefficiency of the corporations as instruments of local government, on which the Commons grounded the whole measure.

Clause 2. Reserves to the freemen, their wives, children, and apprentices, for evermore, all their exclusive rights of every description, ... exemption from tolls, dues, and all the other privileges they now possess. By the 8th clause in the *Commons' bill*, the descendants of freemen were deprived of these privileges: and by the 9th clause of the same bill, power was given to the Town-Councils to purchase the rights of the existing freemen: both these clauses were struck out by the Lords.

Clause 4. Reserves the *Parliamentary franchise* to the descendants of freemen; which the bill of the Commons abolished.

Clause 5. By this clause the Town-Clerk in each borough is to make out a list of the freemen, to be called "the Freemen's Roll;" and to place upon the roll the names of such freemen as shall be from time to time admitted. This is a new clause, rendered necessary by the reservation of freemen's rights in perpetuity.

Clause 6. Provides that the boundaries of boroughs, not Parliamentary, shall remain as they now are, until altered by Parliament. By the bill of the Commons, the King in Council was to fix his limits of these boroughs.

Clause 9. Makes the payment of all borough-rates, as well as poor rates, necessary to enable a burgess to vote.

Clause 11. The Commons' bill (clause 8th) empowered occupiers, whose landlords had been rated, to claim to be rated themselves, and have the benefit of their landlord's previous payment of rates: but the Lords have struck out this from their clause 11th, which in other respects is the same as the 8th clause in the Commons' bill; and the Peers have also expunged the 10th clause of the Commons' bill, which allowed burgesses who had been enrolled, but who were afterwards omitted from the register, to be restored within two years, if then inhabitant householders.

Clause 15. In this clause, which in other respects corresponds with the 15th clause in the commons' bill, is inserted the provision that the Overseers shall make out a list to be called "the councillors' List;" which list is to contain the names of such burgesses, being one sixth of the whole number, as shall be rated to the largest amount for the relief of the poor in the last assessment: but all persons who are rated to an amount which would entitle any one person to be placed on the list, shall be placed there, notwithstanding the proportion of one-sixth of the whole may be thereby exceeded.

Clause 19. The barristers appointed by the Judges to revise the burgess list for the first year, are by this clause also directed to revise the Councillors' list; an addition rendered necessary by the establishment of the privileged class by the 15th clause.

Clause 24. By this clause the burgesses are empowered to elect a Mayor, and a certain number of persons to be called "Aldermen," who are to hold their offices for life, and a certain number of councillors; and the Mayor, Aldermen, and councillors, are to be called "the council;" but the Aldermen must be one-third in number of the whole council.

Clause 25. The Mayor and Aldermen are not to go out of office at the end of three years. From this it would seem as if the Mayor was to hold office for life; but there is a subsequent provision on this point.

Clause 26. This clause provides that where the Aldermen of the Corporation in any borough shall exceed the number of one-third of the Council, the governing body of the Corporation are to meet and elect the requisite number out of their own body to be members of the Council; and the names of the persons so elected are to be placed on a list, to be called the "Aldermen's Roll;" they are to be the first Aldermen of the borough. When the number of Aldermen is less than the number required to make up one-third of the Council, then the Councillors are to elect out of their own body a sufficient number to make up the deficiency.

Clause 27. When a vacancy occurs in the Aldermen's roll, the Council of the borough are to elect a person from the Councillors for the time being, or from those on the Councillors' roll, to fill it up.

Clause 28. No clergyman, or Dissenting preacher or teacher, is qualified to be elected a councillor. This excludes the whole body of Methodist lay preachers.

Clause 36. In case of the Mayor's death, absence, or incapacity, the Aldermen alone, not the council, are to elect a person to act in his stead, out of their own body.

Clause 27. Auditors and Assessors are to be chosen, not from among the burgesses, according to the commons' bill, but from the persons on the councillors' lists.

Clause 38. This clause continues Justices of the Peace for life, instead of to the 1st of May 1836.

Clause 39. Where boroughs are to be divided into wards, the Magistrates are to make the division, ... instead of Commissioners authorised by the King, as decreed by the House of Commons; and they are to divide them into wards, containing only 3000 inhabitants each.

Clause 40. The rules by which the Magistrates are to proceed in apportioning the number of Councillors to each ward are

here laid down. After the number and limits of the wards in any borough are fixed, the Magistrates are to divide equally the number of Councillors assigned to the borough by the bill, and to apportion one half of them among the different wards, in such a way as that the number of Councillors assigned to each ward may bear the same proportion to the half of the whole number of Councillors as the amount of poor-rates paid by the ward bears to the whole amount paid by the borough; in this manner, each ward will get half its number of Councillors, ... the richest wards, of course, the greatest number. The other half of the whole number of Councillors is to be apportioned among the wards on the same principle with respect to population as the first half was apportioned with respect to property.

Clause 41. The magistrates are empowered, for the sake of enabling them more conveniently to apportion the number of Councillors in those towns where the ancient divisions are retained, to add to or subtract from the number of wards of such towns as are to be divided according to the Act into more than two wards; provided that such addition or subtraction does not exceed one ward.

Clause 44. By this clause, elections are to be carried on separately in wards: the burgesses having a right to elect Councillors for their own ward only.

Clause 48. Occasional vacancies in the offices of Councillor, Auditor, and Assessor, are to be filled by the election of a person on the Councillors' roll; not, as in the Commons' bill, from among the burgesses at large.

Clause 99. The King is empowered to appoint justices of the Peace; and the clause in the Commons' bill, which authorised the Town-Council to nominate persons for the magisterial office, who were afterwards to receive their commission from the King, is struck out.

Clauses 45 and 46 of the Commons' bill, which provided for the transfer of the power of granting alehouse-licences from the Magistrates to the Town-Council, were struck out of the bill by the Peers.

The towns of Alnwick, Henley-upon-Thames, Clandeboye, Mchylleth, Romford, Sutton Coldfield, and Yeovil, are struck out of the bill.

CONSTITUTIONAL MEETING.

At a meeting of the CONSTITUTIONAL ASSOCIATION of the West Ward of the City of Montreal, (comprised in the City Corporation limits) at the Shakespeare Tavern on Tuesday, the 15th September, 1835, the following resolutions were passed unanimously:

Proposed by Mr. James Young, and seconded by Mr. William K. Hodges,

1st. That the appointment of Commissioners to investigate the grievances complained of in this province is another to the many proofs of his Majesty's solicitude for the welfare of his Canadian subjects.

Proposed by Mr. Richard Watkins, and seconded by Mr. H. M'Gregor,

2d. That this meeting hails with pleasure the arrival of the Commissioners in this province.

Proposed by Mr. Richard Robinson, and seconded by Mr. Dugald Stewart,

3d. That while the inhabitants of British and Irish origin have heretofore represented the political evils by which they are aggrieved, they have not demanded with sufficient energy the attention of his Majesty's Government to evils of a local nature, which have much retarded the prosperity of this province. They would now in an especial manner, call the attention of his Majesty's Commissioners to the permanent establishing of Registry Offices through every county in the province, whereby purchasers of real estate may, at one view, be acquainted with whatever mortgages or encumbrances may exist without incurring the penalty which has too often lamentably happened of being dispossessed thereof by secret mortgages and mysterious claims, after a lapse of years, to the ruin of their families; thus preventing a permanent settlement in this province of persons of British and Irish origin.

Proposed by Mr. Alexander Murphy, and seconded by Mr. John Thornton,

4th. That the vexatious seignioral charges and burthens on real estate, according to the old laws of France, which are a serious and appalling evil to the British and Irish inhabitants, being perplexing in their nature, an unjust tax upon industry, and an almost impenetrable barrier to the investment of capital and of settlement here by persons of those origins.

Proposed by Mr. Francis Metzler, and seconded by Mr. R. Campbell,

5th. That the state of our winter roads in the Seigniorial territory or settlements of this province, is intolerable from the *cahots*, occasioned by the vehicle known as the Canadian train. That during the winter the roads frequently become almost impassable, and are a great detriment to intercourse with our sister province of Upper Canada, and the United States of America, depriving us of commercial advantages to any extent with these countries, at a season when they would be so desirable, from the circumstance of all the water communications being closed. That the importance of this subject may be further deduced from its having forty seven years ago, and on subsequent occasions attracted the attention of the Legislature, to wit: By the Provincial Ordinance of the 28th of George the Third, chapter 9, (A. D. 1788) entitled, "An Ordinance to alter the present method of drawing sleds and carrioles, in order to remedy the inconveniences arising from *cahots* or banks of snow formed on the winter roads, and to amend

the same." By the Provincial Ordinance of the 29th, George the Third, chapter 7, (A. D. 1789) by which the last recited Ordinance, "so far as it affects the construction of the winter carriages, and the use and regulation of the same," was repealed by the 82d section of the Provincial Statute of 36th of George the Third, by which such parts of the said Ordinance of 1788 as had not been already repealed by the Ordinance of 1789, was thereby repealed. And by the Provincial Statute of the 9th of George the Fourth, chapter 71, (14th March, 1829) by which the sum of eighty pounds was granted the Treasurer of the Agricultural Society of the District of Quebec; one hundred pounds, in like manner, to the District of Three Rivers, it being thereby enacted, "that the said societies shall cause experiments to be made in each of the counties within their respective Districts, for the purpose of ascertaining the best mode of fixing the shafts of winter carriages, in order to prevent the formation of *cahots*." The experiments having been duly made, the fact was fully confirmed, that the *cahots* were occasioned by the Canadian train; and it is well known that the passage even of one vehicle of this description upon a winter road, when the snow is soft, is sufficient to put it in *cahots*, which are increased in size and danger by every vehicle that subsequently travels that road, until the obstacles become so great that, to be avoided, a new road is attempted in the deep snow, but with no greater ultimate success. The continued adherence to the use of the Canadian train is a serious evil to this province, and the only effectual remedy would be the enactment of law to substitute the use of the high runered sleighs or vehicles similar to those which experience has proved to be so advantageous in the Eastern Townships beyond the borders of the seigniorial settlements, and also as in Upper Canada and the United States.

Proposed by Mr. William Bradbury, and seconded by Mr. Joseph Nickless,

6th. That that part of the 27th section of the 28th chapter of the Provincial Statute of William the Fourth, (18th March, 1834,) entitled, "An Act to regulate the manner of proceeding upon contested elections of members to serve in the House of Assembly and to repeal certain acts therein mentioned," which provides, "nor shall any one of any number of persons, being proprietors in common (par indivis) of any immovable property, vote at any such election, as being qualified by his undivided share of such property, unless such persons hold such property as co-heirs," is a direct violation of the elective rights of a large portion of the mercantile body of British and Irish inhabitants of this province, whose valuable real estate being in copartnership, they are disfranchised from voting for members to represent them in the Provincial Parliament.

Proposed by Mr. James Duncan Gibb, and seconded by Mr. James M'Gowan,

7th. That the system of temporary legislation on matters affecting the most important interests, has been productive of serious evil, involving in uncertainty transactions which the public good requires, should be placed on a secure basis, in proof of which is the fact that the provincial statutes, 10th and 11th of George the Fourth, chapter 8, (26th March, 1830) instituted "an act to establish Registry Offices in the counties of Drummond, Sherbrooke, Stanstead, Shefford and Mississauga, The 1st William the Fourth, chapter 3, (31st March, 1831) by which the provisions of the last recited act are extended to the counties of Ottawa, Beauharnois and Mégantic, and the 4th of William the Fourth, chapter 2, (12th March, 1834) by which the provisions of the said act are extended to the Two Mountains and L'Acadie, are limited in their duration to the 1st May, 1838, thus in the present unsettled state of our political relations, leaving it in doubt whether measures so essential to the rights of holders of property shall be continued.

Proposed by Doctor M'Douall, and seconded by Mr. William Ludlam,

8th. That from the present state of political parties, this meeting has no hopes of there being obtained from the Legislature of this Province any remedy for the evils complained of in the preceding resolutions.

Proposed by Mr. Charles Shrimpton, and seconded by Mr. John Clarke,

9th. That this Meeting is opposed to the Legislative Council being made elective; but is nevertheless of opinion that its composition should be free of persons holding offices under the Crown, and that the number of its members should be increased.

Proposed by Mr. John George, and seconded by Mr. Samuel Shaw,

10th. That the inhabitants of British and Irish origin of this Province, will not be satisfied with any plan for allaying the discontents which at present so unhappily exist, unless such plan shall comprehend:—

1st. The establishment of Registry Offices for sales and mortgages of real estate throughout the province.

2d. The extinction of *lods et ventes*, and all other seigniorial or feudal burdens.

3d. The restoration of civil rights, unjustly withheld, more especially the right of voting to individuals conjointly owning real estate.

JOHN JONES, Chairman.
JAMES M'GOWAN, Secretary.

Berkeley—the ladies' man.—The family of the Berkelys has long been noted for gallantry. The member of Cheltenham has introduced a Bill for the admission of the ladies into the House of Commons to hear the debates, which by the way was an ancient and venerable privilege. The arguments used by the Hon. member are truly characteristic, and it may be satisfactory to the fair sex to hear them stated:—The members of the fair sex have, from time immemorial been accustomed to private debating, and if they are not allowed to join in public debates, they should at least be allowed the indulgence of listening to them. That the proceedings of the House would consequently be more orderly, since the ladies always advocate the necessity of a union. That their presence would greatly facilitate the business of the House when a division is called for; since they would induce so many Members to pair off. That in order to preserve due decorum and respect for the Speaker, if any Member turned his back to the chair, the ladies would immediately set their faces against him. That they would greatly lighten the labours of the "Home Department," being so well skilled in the management of domestic affairs. That their presence would cause Members to talk less and to act more for the benefit of posterity. That if in the discussion of any Bill, Members should wrangle, the ladies would always be prepared to produce some *claws* which would immediately allay them.

MISSISSKOU STANDARD.

FREIGHTSBURG, OCT. 6, 1835.

on British ground we demand all the rights of British subjects, and we must have them. We cannot submit to conquered Frenchmen without an extremity of degradation and dishonour, which the very stones of a British country would rise to resent. If we speak warmly, let his Excellency remember how we in the Townships have been treated. By a proclamation of the King of England, whereby he pledged his sacred honor and that of the Empire, we have come into this country expecting English laws and the rights of British subjects: it is bootless here to trace the different attempts that have been made to substitute French laws as the laws of our country, it is only necessary to say, that the temerity of the French has reached such a pitch, that they have declared that we have, no right to be present at the making of laws, and have affirmed their determination to convert our Townships into Seigniories. Their next step will be to force upon us the Catholic religion.

His Lordship will see that it is not without reason that we oppose all projects of conciliation. Conciliation will not satisfy the French and it will raise the resistance of every Englishman in Canada.

TO ADVERTISERS. From our rates of advertising, and from our unprecedented and daily increasing circulation, Advertisers in Montreal and elsewhere will find the Standard, superior to any other paper, as a means of circulating Advertisements in this section of the Eastern Townships.

Persons in Montreal, intending to be subscribers for the Standard, are respectfully requested to leave their names at the book-store of Messrs. J. & T. A. Starké Notre-Dame street.

Rumour with her thousand busy tongues is at work. One rumour is that the plan of conciliation has been commenced by Earl Gosford. We sincerely trust, that his Lordship is fully aware of the circumstances, into which he throws himself, if the rumour be true. Let us talk plainly; let him understand us; we speak no vain words. His Lordship may as easily collect the winds into a napkin, or mete the ocean with a sieve, as he can by conciliation satisfy the two parties in this Province.

Nothing but strict and impartial justice will be of avail; and that justice must be dealt with a view to the lasting interests of Canada, and the glory of the English name. His Lordship must already know the utter real helplessness of the French faction, and the real strength of the British. We beseech him not to grant farther power into impotent hands, lest the hands of the strong be tempted to tear it away. The King of England is obliged to select his ministers from the party which is *pro tempore* the strongest in the nation; he cannot shower the "sweets of office," on the weaker. The Earl Gosford will look for the commentary on the maxim, in his present elevation to the Governorship of Canada, by a party, which at present has unfortunately the ascendancy in England. Let his Lordship act on the same maxim and Canada is safe; let him act differently and its destiny is in the uncertain womb of time. If his Lordship proceeds on the principle of conciliation to the French, merely because they demand it, we give him solemn warning—let him take it as such—that he raises in these Townships

on the maxim, in his present elevation to the Governorship of Canada, by a party, which at present has unfortunately the ascendancy in England. Let his Lordship act on the same maxim and Canada is safe; let him act differently and its destiny is in the uncertain womb of time. If his Lordship proceeds on the principle of conciliation to the French, merely because they demand it, we give him solemn warning—let him take it as such—that he raises in these Townships feelings, which will breed a crisis in the colony, of which it is fearful to calculate the responsibility. We beg to deal plainly with him. We are a Scotchman, imbued with that devoted loyalty to our Sovereign, under the influence of which our fathers' blood has flowed like water; towards our King, therefore, it is impossible to force us to entertain other than loyal feelings. To the King of England we owe obedience, but to no other man on earth; and immeasurably less do we owe it to a Frenchman. We in the Townships wish to remain the subjects of England, if his Excellency attempts to raise over us the dominion of Frenchmen, let him beware, We never will submit. As fellow subjects we can respect and esteem the French people, we solicit then his Excellency not to convert that esteem into feelings of a hostile kind. As rulers we would detest them, and we can point to a thousand tented fields to shew how far our submission would go. Great Britain wishes not to raise up a French power in the province, for his Majesty has said, that "the Canadas must not be lost nor given away." If his Excellency wish to foster the French faction, we hope

to this modern proof of it.

It is our duty to give all the information within our reach on public affairs; we therefore beg to say, in reference to an advertisement, which appears in to-day's Standard, that Dr. O'Callaghan, our worthy "friendly-feeling" man of the Vindicator, in the teeth of thousands of acres to the contrary, published the "lie," as he *illegitimately* hath it, that the Eastern Townships "cannot produce wheat." This "lie" was as well known to others as it was to our fastidious nice contemporary; accordingly it could not go down with the Montreal Herald. The Herald, having no other alternative, "spewed" it, as the Dr. again *illegitimately* hath it, and we, being in the same predicament, had to—to do likewise. We have to apologise to our readers, for soiling our columns with the "specimen;" if we might offer an excuse, we would say that the "specimen" is, we are assured, a sample of the daily sauce, if not of the daily food of the "discriminating readers" of the Vindicator.

By the strangest accident in the world, we have been favored with a sight of the Vindicator of the 29th ult. We are under an obligation to that paper for republishing our remarks expressing the determination

of the constitutionalists to resist all attempts to establish French rule in the province. Those were no words of course, they express our unalterable determination, but we trust that Heaven will yet avert the necessity, that seems impending over us, to put it into execution. The Vindictor did right in assisting to make it known.

It has more than once been mentioned in our presence, and by adherents too of Mr. Papineau, that the secret object of this leader is widely different from the ostensible one; that he is by no means desirous of accomplishing a revolution, and that his threats are made for the sole purpose of intimidating the British Government into compliance with demands which would satisfy his own personal ambition. Whether Mr. Papineau aims not at revolution from the assurance of failure or for some other reason, we cannot pretend to say—but certain it is that his end is not rebellion, and that the author of the pamphlet before us is right in denouncing the “folly and impetuosity of his menaces.” We can state a fact which has some bearing on this point. Very recently a Member of the Provincial Parliament, and a warm partisan of the Speaker of the House of Assembly, explained the tactics of the *Clique*, by saying in his verbiage “We demand more than we desire, in order that we may obtain what we really do desire.” Being pushed on this point he admitted that many of the grievances set forth by the House of Assembly were unfounded and mere pretenses; that many demands of the French origin party were unjust, and that threats of rebellion were not made with any design of execution but in the hope that merely as threats they might produce the desired effect of inducing the Government to surrender up to the House of Assembly and those who control its larger share of political power. On its being objected that this course was not honest—the answer was that it was wise, and that the party was perfectly justified in practicing such tactics to effect its purpose. We assert unequivocally that such language has been recently used by a M. P. P. of no small renown among his fellows. It is needless to add that it excited the disgust of the persons to whom it was addressed.—*Irish Ad.*

To the truth of the above we beg to add our testimony. Language, nearly word for word the same, was held in our village about the time of the meeting at Dunham. The Earl Gosford will by and bye become acquainted with the tactics of the *Clique*. It will be remembered that a soldier named William Hands was murdered in the streets of Montreal, and that Monroque the reputed murderer, a French Canadian, was acquitted by a Jury of French Canadians.

A subscription had been set on foot by some of the inhabitants of Montreal, immediately after the murder, and a monument has now been erected to the memory of the deceased, in the Military burying ground on the Papineau Road, bearing the following inscription:

SACRED

To the Memory of
WILLIAM HANDS,
A native of England,
And a Private
In His Majesty's 24th Regiment of Foot,
Who died on the 23d April, 1835,
Of a Wound
Inflicted on his Head,
By an unprovoked assailant
In Bonsecours Street, Montreal,
Aged 30 Years.
He had served Ten years in the Regiment,
With an unsullied reputation,
Respected by his Officers,
And beloved by his Commander.

This Monument is erected
By a number of Citizens of Montreal.

The laws of man have been silenced, but may the vengeance of the God of heaven follow the murderer of the poor British soldier.

On Wednesday last we were visited by a severe storm of snow, which continued until the day following. Great damage has been done to orchards; many of the apple trees have been entirely broken down to the ground, and many have been destroyed by their large limbs having been lopped off, in consequence of the weight of the fruit increased by the snow. During the night the breaking of limbs and branches of the trees in the woods resembled discharges of musketry: many forest trees were blown down, and young trees were bent to the earth by the pressure of the snow. We have heard that in Bolton the snow was from 18 to 24 inches deep; and that in Berkshire (in the neighbouring State of Vt.) it was 15 inches.

In the Tennessee Review, we find some important admissions on the subject of republicanism.

The voice of History.—Every page of history is flashing and burning with the awful truth, that in all ages and in all nations the liberties of the people have invariably perished through the unwarrantable assumption

of power by self constituted and irresponsible bodies of men. Let the reader cast his eye backwards through the mist of time: let him linger through the graves of buried empires and republics, so thickly strewn along the shores of dim antiquity; let him view the shadowy skeletons of cities and governments that have yet a miserable existence in the old world, whose names alone serve to call up the remembrances of their departed glory and magnificence; let him trace out the cause by which they fell, and then say whether the same causes which hastened their dissolution, and precipitated their downward course to the unfathomed grave of human liberty, are not at work within the very heart of our republic.

The expression, which we have printed, as we found it, in italics, is directly fatal to republican institutions, because every republic must be either tacitly or expressly based on the doctrine of equality, and must therefore degenerate into the only really “irresponsible” government, that of a pure democracy. The latter part of the paragraph seems to corroborate our previously expressed belief, that the prevailing anarchy is the natural and inevitable link between republicanism and despotism.

We have styled a purely democratic government the only really “irresponsible” government. An individual despot is always subject to conscience, to a regard for public opinion, to a dread of physical resistance, and to many other checks. To which of these checks is a numerical majority subject? Has it a collective conscience? Can a numerical majority possibly be opposed by public opinion, which is necessarily its own opinion? Is a numerical majority, backed by all the official authority and sustained by all the public revenue, likely to entertain any fears of the numerical minority?

It was a wise saying of a French writer that the government of Turkey was “A despotism, tempered by regicide;” but it would be difficult for the most ingenious thinker to discover any mode of tempering the despotism of democratic millions. Such despotism is already in operation in the neighbouring states, for, where a minority can be definitely distinguished from a majority, there that minority is oppressed by that majority. The coloured minority, the Catholic minority, the Irish minority, the foreign minority, or any other equally defined minority, is every now and then the object of capricious vengeance.

Since we wrote the foregoing article on Saturday last, we have found a disinterested confirmation of our last remark in the National Gazette of Philadelphia:

Excitement seems to have become habitual and necessary with the American public. Anti-Masonry one year—anti-Popery, another; anti-Abolition, a third; with sub-excitement against various descriptions of people—free negroes, priests and nuns, foreign born, the Irish particularly.—*Mont. Herald*.

1. The Kings of Ohio and the Emperors of Michigan have at last had what is generally termed a brilliant affair. Our readers will remember, that our last report represented the Michiganan potentates as driving every thing before them. There seems, however, to be a tide in the affairs of men, for the fiery pursuers soon met with ‘such stout resistance,’ that, ‘after the exchange of about one hundred shots,’ they fled. ‘They were hotly pursued, but being on horseback were not overtaken. Killed, none; bruised, one; missing, all.

2. How some of the New Orleans papers did boast of the speedy suppression of the threatened riots in the Queen of the Mississippi. At last, however, a serious riot did come. With whom did it originate? With the ‘Legion,’ a corps of volunteers, such as a contemporary champion of insurrectionary republicanism recommends as a sure means of suppressing ‘excitements.’ Nothing but the suppression of republicanism will produce the desired effect.

Serious riots, we regret to learn, had continued at New Orleans during the week ending September 5th, the date of our latest intelligence. The source of these disturbances is probably to be found in the late meeting of mechanics on the subject of the interference of the slave labor. To this has been added the unfortunate antipathy existing between the American and French population...all fomented by the slave question, which has been intermingled with the other disturbing topics, by the excitement of the populace against some individuals who had been teaching colored persons. The ‘Legions’ had been employed four days, it is said, in quieting the commotions.

In consequence of the Louisiana Advertiser speaking disrespectfully of the Legion, they repaired to the office to apprehend the editor, Dr. Verner, who fortunately escaped, though they found Mr. Pendergast, one of the proprietors, whom, however, they did not molest. That republicanism will be speedily suppressed in some way or other, we do not doubt. A late member of Congress says:

I do believe Santa Anna's kingdom will be a paradise, compared with this, in a few years. The people are nearly ready to take the yoke of bondage, and say, ‘Amen, Jackson has done it—it is all right!’

A firm government will soon be hailed with delight by all respectable and intelligent men. At Fayette, Missouri, ‘Joseph Davis was under the necessity of shooting Gen. Owen.’ Something like a legal inquiry, doubtless, followed. Oh no.

Public sentiment is in D's favour. I have no doubt Davis did right, and only er-

red in not having done what he has now done, before. Forbearance had long since ceased to be a virtue: and his own safety imperatively demanded the violence of the measure.

The officers have done nothing—and I do not know that they will. It is admitted on all hands almost to have been a case of necessity.—*St. Lou. Her.*

The celebrated Mr. Thom, the Sculptor of *Tam o' Shanter*, has arrived in this country. He has brought with him *Old Mortality*, and other productions of his inimitable chisel, which will, we understand, be immediately exhibited in Barclay-street—*Emigrant*.

EMIGRATION.

Number of steerage passengers arrived at this port (New York) from British Isles from the commencement of the present year, up to the last week inclusive, 14,732

Arrived since last week—

By the Columbus,	from Liverpool	82
Cincinnati,	do.	133
Glasgow,	do.	31
American,	do.	86
Helen,	do.	15
Hamilton,	do.	100
America,	do.	30
U. States,	do.	60
St. James,	London	118
Washington,	Dundee	15
Lucretia,	Wales	3
Histerula,	Galway	25

15,432

Number of steerage passengers arrived at this port from the continent of Europe, from the commencement of the present year up to last week inclusive, 4,705

By the Poland,	from Havre,	135
Havre,	do.	65
Comet,	Amsterdam	88
Elizabeth,	Lisbon	2
India,	Madeira	2

4,998

Total from Europe since 1st January, 20,420

N. Y. Emigrant

The Globe publishes the annexed letter; Post OFFICE, TAMPA, Aug. 20, 1835.

Hon. Amos Kendall P. M. General.....

Sir: The mail carrier who left this office on the 11th instant, with the northern and western mail; was most inhumanly murdered about six miles from this place, by a party of Indians, and the mail bags carried off. The fact was not known until Sunday the 16th, when the mangled body of the carrier was discovered lying in a pond a short distance from the road. A detachment of United States troops from this post, was instantly sent out in pursuit of the murderers and mail, but returned last evening, without discovering either.—Respectfully, your obedient servant,

AUGUSTUS STEELE, P. M.

Paris, August 11th.—The Court of Peers assembled yesterday, to pronounce sentence on the Lyoneys prisoners implicated in the insurrection of April, 1834. From our report of the proceedings, it will be perceived that seven of the prisoners have been condemned to transportation for life; 2 to twenty years imprisonment; and the remainder to various terms of imprisonment, such as 1, 3, 5, 7, 10 and 15 years. Nine of the prisoners have been acquitted. The whole of the accused parties belonging to the Lyons division have thus been disposed of.

The English papers are loud in their condemnation of the projects in the French chambers to restrict the press. The Standard says, that the situation of Louis-Philippe is critical, but that if he cannot rule without muzzleing the liberty of the press, it will prove that the French people are fit for a despotism.—*Queb. Gaz.*

The Burlington, Vt., Free Press of the 18th ult., has a report of a Rail-Road meeting, at which it was resolved:—

“That the valley of Onion River, by reason of its gentle ascent, its facility of communication with the flourishing country bordering on Lake Champlain and the ease with which it may be connected with the proposed road from Connecticut River to Boston, furnishes the best route for a rail road across the State.”

We learn that an atrocious attempt was made on Wednesday night to destroy the family of Dr. Cole, of Williston, by throwing a large quantity of arsenic into his well. It was however providentially discovered early in the morning, else the consequences must have been awful, as several families resort to the well. Dr. C. gathered near two ounces of arsenic from the surface of the water. Prompt and efficient measures should be immediately adopted to ferret out the monster.—*Bur. Free Press.*

GENUINE AGARIANISM.—“Teddy,” said a man to an Irishman, “won't you join the Agarians?” “Agarians! what the devil's that?” said Teddy. “Why a division of property!” “A division of property! sure I'm the lad for some.” “Well, Teddy, what would you do with your share, if all the property was equally divided amongst us?” “What would I do with it? By the powers but I'm the boy that would spend it fitfully.” “Well, Teddy, after your share was spent, what would you do then?” What would I do then, do you ask? by St. Patrick but I'd be for another division, so I would.

WEST INDIA HURRICANE.—The Alexandria Gazette gives an extract of a letter from Capt. Smith, of that port, dated at Barbadoes, 20th ult. in which he says—“We have just received accounts from St. Kitts of violent hurricane having visited that island, Antigua and Nevis, on the 12th instant, a great deal of damage having been done to property in the towns and country, and 24 vessels stranded at Antigua and S. Kitts. We suppose St. Thomas will have shared the same fate.

WORKING IN ONE'S VOCATION.—Mr. Hume and Mr. Roebuck were still bating the Duke of Cumberland and Army Orange Lodges, and defending the swindling of the laborers of the stamped press, and the violation of the revenue laws.

There seems to be a general war in Spain on the part of the people against the monasteries. In Murcia there have been serious riots and four convents burned. Also at Cordova, many monasteries have been laid in ruins. At Gaspar, Arragon the monks were chased by the people with clubs, and many of them killed—the rest driven out and the monasteries burnt.

JUST PUBLISHING.

ELEGANT EXTRACTS
FROM ILLIGANT AUTHORS.

BY DR. O CALL AGAIN!

WE are indebted to the Montreal Herald for a beautiful specimen of the work. Here follows the specimen: “It was a lie the uncouth hog of the Herald spewed, and the Slab-City animal as inily bound eat it.

“What discriminating readers the pair must have, that can afterwards gobble up their offal trash.”

LIST OF LETTERS.

LETTERS FOR ST. ARMAND.

William Callendar, Daniel Cheney, Robert S. Flemming, Jonas Johnson, Francis Managhan, Mary Ann Page, William Callendar,

SUTTON.

James O'Flanagan, Samuel Jacobs,

BERKSHIRE, VT.

Nathan Green,

FRANKLIN, VT.

John Hammond,

MARRIED.

On 1st inst. at Potton by the Rev. James Reid, Capt. Moses Ellkins to Mrs. Gilman, widow of the late William C. Gilman.

At Phillipsburg on the 28th ult., by the Rev. Mr. Thompson, Mr. George Nokes, to Miss Rebecca Lungeway, of Christies' Manor.

DIED,

At Churchville, on Sunday, P. M. the 4th instant, of hemorrhage, an infant daughter of Mr. Albert Barney, aged 14 months.

NOTICE.

CAME into my enclosure, on or about the 25th ult., a small Bay Gelding French HORSE. The owner is requested to pay charges and take him away.

St. Armand, Oct. 6th, 1835. EZRA BAKER.

STRAYED,

ABOUT the 10th of August last, a Brown 2 year old STEER. Whoever will give information concerning him will be handsomely rewarded.

SALVA STONE.

St. Armand, September 29, 1835.

NEWSTORRE

Goods at Montreal Prices!

W. W. SMITH,

HAVING lately purchased from A. RHODES, Esq., all his stock in trade, to which he has subsequently made large additions, begs leave most respectfully to inform his friends and the public in general, that he is now offering for sale at this place an extensive assortment of

Fashionable Spring and Summer Goods,

Consisting of blads, brown, blue, olive, claret, mixed and drab Broad-Cloths, Cassimere, Satin, Cassinet, Super Drab, mixed and black Lasing, black, blue, green, claret and red Circassian, Bombazines, blk. and col'd bombazettes; Eng. and French Merinoes; blk. gro. de Nap. changeable and levantine Silks, rich printed Muslins; 50 pieces Calico, among which are a great variety of new and beautiful patterns; Furniture calico; 10 pieces Palmyreens, very rich and very low; Milanese Gauze, a splendid article for Ladies' summer dresses; Jaconet, checkered, plain and col'd cambric and muslin; plain and fig'd book and null do. bob. Lace and Footing, linen Long Lawn; merino, Thibet, silk and cotton Shawls, a great variety; green banane, plain and fig'd gauze Veils, Geeane Laco do. silk, gauze, cape, Thibet, and emb. fancy silk Handk's; rich gauze sett and cap Ribbon, belt do. rich silk, silk and worsted, printed, quilting and Marseilles Vestings, Ladies' silk and other Gloves, Gentlemen's do. Hosiery of every description, Sp. horn and shell Combs, silk and cotton Umbrellas, cotton silk flag and muslin H'ds. fig'd do., Nankens, Dia-Per, Ticking, Pelise, Wadding, Straw and Darnable Boulets. White and col'd flannels, brown sheeting and shirting, bleached do. at very low prices, oil cloths, grass do. sole and upper leather, col'd skins, men's thick boots and shoes, &c. &c.

An extensive assortment of

Hard Ware and Cutlery.

Russia and Eng. iron and steel, nails and glass scythes, sheet iron, shovels, hoes, patent forks, rakes, knives and forks, carvers, peinknives, razors, scissors, angars; flat irons, powder and shot. Also a splendid assortment of

Crockery, Glass, Brittannai & China Ware.

Light blue printed dining ware, in sets; black do. black printed tea, in sets, &c. Paints, oil, and putty, good assortment.

West India Goods and Groceries.

Young hyssen, twainay, hyssen skin and black teas; spices of all kinds; raisins and figs, fine salt, salmon, mackerel, table cod fish, lamp oil and candles.

10 cwt. refined leaf Sugar—lump do., 10 cwt. muscovado

POETRY.

From the Young Lady's Own Book.

YOUTH.

Oh Youth! in such a world as this,
Why doth thy morning-ray,
Thy pure and 'natural blessedness,'
So early fade away?
That lustre of the cloudless soul,
Seen dawning in thine eye;
Those thoughts that spring without control,
As young birds flutter by;
Hopes, that bloom like flowers unbind,
And dew-drop tears, that leave no stain;
Emotions not a moment hid,
And joy without its after pain;
And guilelessness, faith, fervour all,
Like the blossoms in the wind;
Why fall!—or leave not when they fall,
Maturing fruit behind?

Oh Manhood! with the busy brow!
Age! with the 'world-worn' heart!
Where rests Remembrance oftener now,
Reviewing life's past part?
Say, on ambition's proudest hour?
Fame's, fortune's hard-worn steep?
On the wild stir of this world's power,
That dark, unfathomed deep,
Where human passions, human pride,
To fury lash its foam,
Till peace, hope, virtue, all allied,
Sink helpless in the storm?
Beyond these scenes,—beyond, how far!—
Their memories both will turn
To those which, distant as a star—
As radiant too—still burn.

Each eye will turn to childhood's years,
Each heart be only stirred,
And the same sounds be in his ears,
As in those days he heard;
While simple feelings, guileless thought,
Affections, long grown dim,
Return, with all the freshness fraught,
They bore in youth for him,
First friendships rising on his soul,
As once they rose before;
Then shed awhile the sweet control
They now can shed no more;
And so will manhood's brow be calm,
And age's heart be light;
For these are memories breathing balm;
These, memories ever bright.

Oh Youth! thou spring of human life,
First, fairest of our dreams!
How lovely, 'midst this world's dire strife,
Thy rainbow-beauty seems!
The uniform soul, all dewy-bright,
And opening like a flower!
But ah! it droops and closes quits,
In age's evening hour!
Frail, fair possession!—Yet I know
Thy frailty wisely given;
For beings always young below,
Would never seek for heaven!

Continued from page first.

the victim, thrilled to the heart of the brother. Returning sensation was now restored, and her first words were—‘Oh, father!’—But, as if wakening from a fearful dream, she fixed her eyes on those of her brother, and yet bewildered, said in a feeble voice—‘where? and swooned. *

The softened Richard Ryland, had returned mournfully to his cabin with his remaining children. His moroseness had disappeared...when he addressed any of them, it was in the language and tone of a tender parent. Always a careful and industrious man, he was now even too laborious for his age and health. At early dawn he was up, and while his children yet slept, a short but heart-felt prayer was breathed for their welfare, and for the two absent, for he now considered Letburn Parkman as his son. No smile or frown dwelt upon his sad countenance.

It was on the morning of Sunday, Richard Ryland was sitting in his dwelling, with another aged man beside him...that man was Temple Parkman. A vague report had reached the neighborhood of the return of the army; but the report had been preceded, and attended by so many echoes, as to preclude any dependence. So many had, however, relatives absent, that every one remained at home, hope whistling the appearance of the expected ones every moment. The best that the times, and humble and simple modes of a frontier life admitted, was ready.

Richard Ryland and Temple Parkman, though far above most of their neighbors, felt a something mingling with their hopes. Their sons were anxiously awaited; and yet, with the wishes to see the sons, came an inexplicable fear of heavy calamity.

‘My God! at length exclaimed Temple Parkman, ‘yonder comes Letburn—I know his step...why, he is mad with joy!’

All eyes were now riveted on the advancing figure, but all shrank with more than terror from his approach. It was indeed the once elegant form of Letburn Parkman, now in rags; without hat or shoes—he grimed with filth, and grinning a terrific smile; his eyes rolling in madness. The whole group were literally petrified, and remained motionless as one of his unearthly laughs rung on their ears, as he rushed by them and into the room, once that of Lucy. Like all mad persons, one fell idea prevailed. As far as could be gained from incoherent expressions, he thought himself engaged to marry Lucy the same day; and repeatedly shouted unconcerned exclamations of joy. On the occasion of his return, his eye evidently recognized places & persons; but even the face of his father, was merely glanced at and disregarded. Not finding her he was evidently seeking, he darted out, and taking the direction towards his father's house, was soon out of sight of that father, who now almost disengaged, followed him on horseback.

‘No wonder,’ at length painfully exclaimed Richard Ryland, looking at his terrified children, ‘we know what he has lost.’

‘Tommy, Tommy, I declare,’ screamed the youngest boy, as he sprang forth like a bird, and was soon caught up by Thomas Ryland, once more at his father's gate. The warm embraces of his father, and brothers and sisters, were as warmly but sadly returned by Thomas.

‘Letburn?’ fell from every mouth...but looks alone gave answer.

Thomas, with his youngest brother on

one knee, and youngest sister on another, cast an uneasy glance around him. His father observed his looks, and sighed—‘One is not.’

‘Father,’ replied Thomas, in an impressive voice, ‘if your daughter was to rise from the dead, would you forgive and receive her?’

‘Thomas,’ replied the wounded father, ‘as I hope to be forgiven; but why the question?...Oh! my son, dare I hope?’

‘Come, my father, and meet your child!’ was the reply.

In the very room where she was born, in the very dawn of its settlement, lay the pale face, and yet living, but attenuated form of one of the early daughters of the West. At her bed-side sat the almost equally wretched father; attentive to her every motion. Many regarded her ever reaching the paternal home as a miracle—and who is he who dares to say it was not? A brother was the instrument. With great care and watchfulness, the fate of her husband was concealed from her; and hourly she seemed to vanish away, and ready to take wing to the abodes where pains and sorrows cease.

Spring, again opened; and the plaintive robin, and more plaintive dove soothed her heart with their notes melting on her ear. Her sweet little brother, Henry, came to her bed-side, and said softly:

‘Sir Lucy, the meadow has the prettiest flowers; ma’m I go and pick you a posy?’

She laid her white and death-like hand upon his head, and replied:

‘Go, my love—but don’t stay long from sister Lucy.’

The tender and affectionate boy, bounded away on his, to him, delightful errand; but in a few minutes returned, rushing into the sick room in the utmost terror, crying:

‘Oh, Lucy! Lucy! what see I! and as the alarmed invalid rose on her elbow, continued:

‘Seen Letburn Parkman, sitting on your tree?’

Richard Ryland had heard the same exclamations, and called from the garden to the child, who was too much shocked to obey; and the old man followed, as fast as age and weakness rendered possible; but the blow was struck. Her brothers and sisters crowded to her bed; but the ear of Lucy Parkman heard no more the endearing names of daughter or sister. Her spirit was gone from earth.

For the moment, Letburn Parkman was forgotten; but some neighbors coming in, as the death of Lucy was soon known, and having heard confusedly the expressions of the boy, went to the meadow, and found what almost froze their blood. The haggard form of Letburn, leaning against the oak, where first his Lucy had breathed her love; round his head was the handkerchief in which it had been wrapped, and in his hand the volume of *Meditations*, deposited by Lucy many months before. When approached he was found in a deep sleep, or rather stupor. When, with difficulty, roused, he glared on the anxious faces, muttering:

‘What a dream...why Thomas...why Lucy?’

It was evident he thought himself in the camp on the Muskingum: but gradually recovering, his neighbors discovered that reason had returned, as death advanced. He was carefully and tenderly removed, shaved, decently clothed, and laid on a bed in the house of his father-in-law. A skillful physician was called. In the meanwhile, the invalid had so far recovered as to be conscious something very extraordinary had happened, continually repeated: ‘Where is my wife...my Lucy?’

The physician, who knew him from his cradle, with tears told his friends: ‘It is best to let him know all. They will be put in the grave on the same day.’

Thus permitted, his more than brother, sat down by him, and related the terrible events; and to close the narrative that his wife was now no more.

Lay me beside her—and let us no more be parted I—were the last words of the noble-hearted Letburn Parkman. He was placed beside his Lucy, a corpse.

Often had Lucy requested her father and brothers, to bury her under the oak in the meadow...and under that oak, now rests the daughter and wife—the husband, and their two fathers, and Thomas Ryland. One monument stone contains their names, and this one line:

‘HOW LOVED, HOW HONORED ONCE, NOW AVAILS THEE NOT.’—MARK BANCROFT.

THE DWELLING PARSON. It happened on a certain time, at the assizes of an English country town, that among the prisoners tried and condemned, was one who was convicted of house breaking, and ordered to be executed. Part of the sentence was, that after he was dead the body should be delivered to the surgeons for dissection.

When the day appointed for the execution came, the prisoner was brought out and hanged, and in due time he was cut down, and in conformity to the sentence, his body was delivered to a surgeon of the town for such anatomical operations as he might judge proper. The doctor bore off his prize in great glee; and having carried his body into his dissecting room for the purpose of trying some experiment on it, he stripped it naked, and put it into a warm bath. Having left the room a moment, the doctor was not a little surprised and startled on his return, to find his subject sitting upright in the bath, and staring wildly about the room. The man himself seemed equally surprised; but after a little while an éclaircissement took place. The doctor found on examination that the neck of his new patient had not been broken,

and that the hanging having produced only a suspension of animation, he had been revived by the efforts of the bath. On this unexpected emergency, the surgeon was not a little puzzled what to do, whether to deliver the reviving felon to the civil authorities and have him hanged over again to better purpose, or whether he should keep him self guiltless of a life which seemed to have been spared so providentially. At last the doctor's good nature prevailed...and after demanding and receiving the most solemn assurance that he would leave the country immediately, renounce his wicked ways, and never again make free with the property of his neighbors he suffered the house breaker to escape.

In less than a year, this same felon was arrested for some new depredation, tried, convicted, and again sentenced to death. When the kind-hearted surgeon, who had before spared his life, heard of this new conviction, his curiosity and benevolence impelled him to visit the prisoner. He enquired of him with the greatest earnestness, how he could possibly have renewed his depredations after escaping so narrowly before, and in the face and eyes of his solemn protestations to renounce thieving forever? ‘Why, doctor,’ said the felon, ‘I was born a thief, and there is no fighting against nature;—to tell the truth, sir, on the occasion of our first acquaintance, when you entered the room and found me sitting upright in the bath, I was looking around to see what I could steal.’

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